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GIFT OF
Class of 1900



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My Little Girl



No. 16. 24.
Christmas 1920.
J. M. M.

The Little Hills

985

DAY OF
CALIFORNIA

Published by the Guild of First Congregational Church, Oakland, California.
Christmas, 1920

TO VNU
Class of 1900

These Verses

making no claim to being poetry, are the output of idle but profitable hours, some written on the summer slopes of Mount Rainier—some on a dusty transcontinental train.

They have only one merit—sincerity on the part of one

“Who, in the love of nature,
Holds communion with her visible forms.”

Sincerely Yours
F. J. Van Horn

THE LITTLE HILLS

He made the hills, the little hills,—

I praise His name for that;

The hill of Zion, that He wills

As much as Ararat!

For this I see; ~~that mountains high~~

~~Are stern and cold and gray;~~

The little hills are soft and shy,

They bid me come and play.

The mountains have their crowns of snow,

Their ice-fields dazzling bright;

On little hills the poppies grow,

And fields of daisies white.

On mountain tops I see the storm,

The rough winds rage aloft;

On little hills the showers form,

And breezes whisper soft.

On mountain peaks where all things freeze

There grows scarce anything;

But on the hills are noble trees

Where all the birds may sing.

The mountains are so high and rough,

They fill my heart with fear;

The little hills are near enough

To make them very dear.

I would not be a mountain proud,

Above the hills below;

Nor have my head above the cloud,

In wind and cold and snow.

I'd rather be a tiny hill,

Not far from any one,

Where lambs might play at their sweet will,

And little rivers run.

Dear Lord,—give me a lowly heart,

Content to do Thy will;

Let me not play a mountain's part,—

Make me a little hill!

TO VBI
ABRORLAD

A SONG OF THE INDIAN SUMMER

I sing a song of the Indian summer,
Of the gladsome, sad-some Autumn weather,
Of the gray-gold, brown-gold gay October,—
O come, let us sing and shout together!

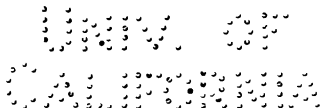
I sing a song of the Indian summer,
Of the crackling, snapping, frosty weather,
Of the hazy, lazy, sweet October,—
O come, let us run and play together!

Of the fruit trees, nut trees, chestnut, pippin,
Of the russet fields where the lambs are skippin',
Of prickly burr and glossy fur,—
O come, let us skip and dance together!

Of the star-ful, joyful, silvery moonlight,
Of the ghostly, shivery, quivery twilight,
Of fog and mist, of paths that twist,—
O come, let us clasp our hands together!

Of the mournful, tuneful, minor weather,
Of the crying, dying, dead October,
Of the winds that creep as soft as a feather,—
O come, let us weep and smile together!

Of the gifts of God and the crimson glory,
Of the closing year and the finished story,
Of hope and love, and the stars above,—
O come, let us kneel and pray together!



AUTUMN HYMN

I see the golden glory of the fading autumn leaf,
A Hand Divine is painting them in hues beyond belief,—
In crimson, brown and purple like trappings of a chief;
For Time is rolling on.

The New Year found us frozen, every tree was bare and
chill,
And the icy swords of winter flashed aloft on every hill.
But the spark of hope within us bade us battle with good
will;
For Time was rolling on.

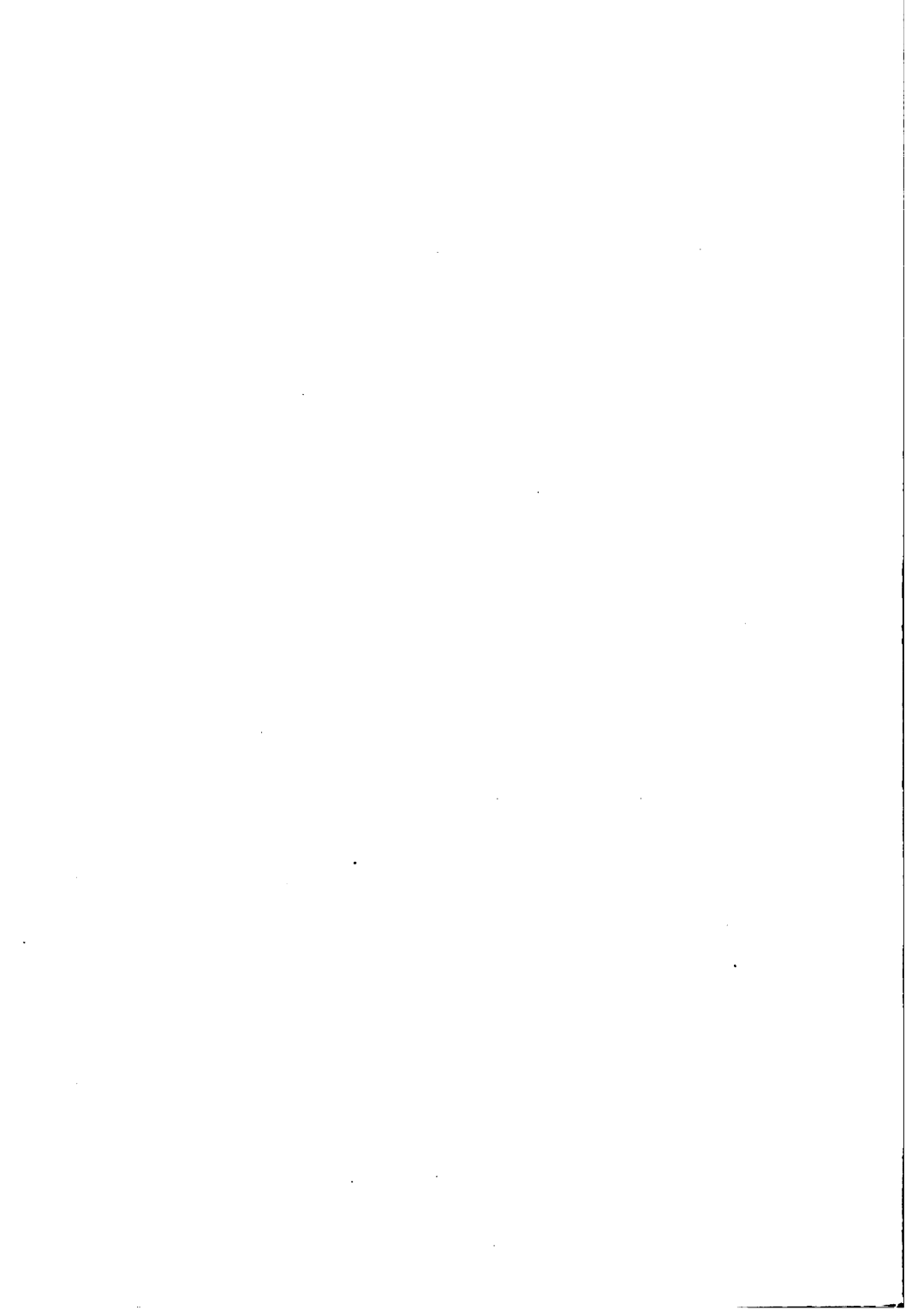
In the springtime earth was bursting with the thrill of new-
born life,
Hushed were all the echoes of the winter's cruel strife,
With the promise of the harvest every new-plowed field was
rife;
For Time was rolling on.

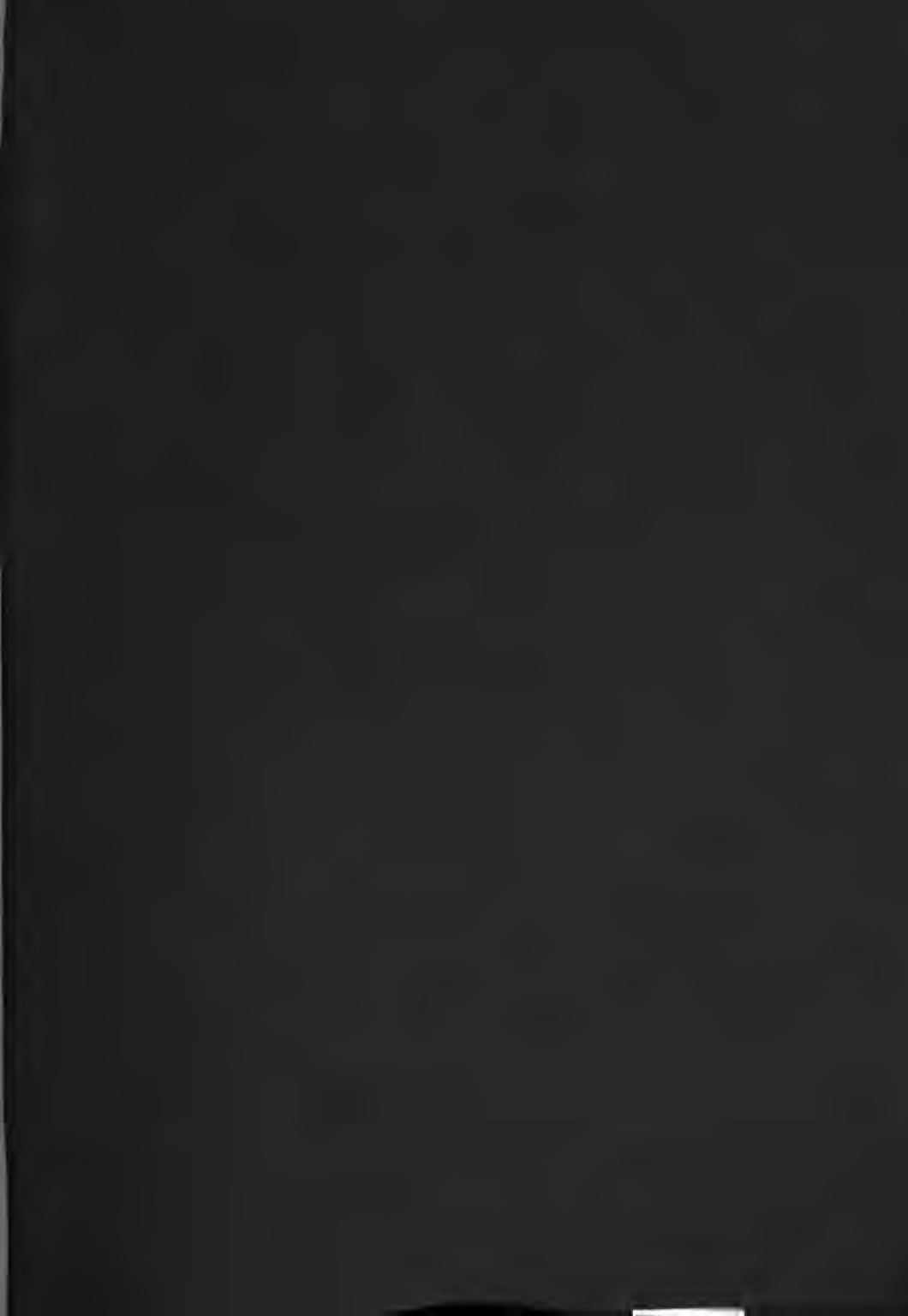
Then summer, royal summer, all her baskets filled with store,
Warmed us, charmed us, then alarmed us,—tho her bounty
more and more,—
For "the summer soon is ended, and the harvest quickly o'er,"
As Time goes rolling on.

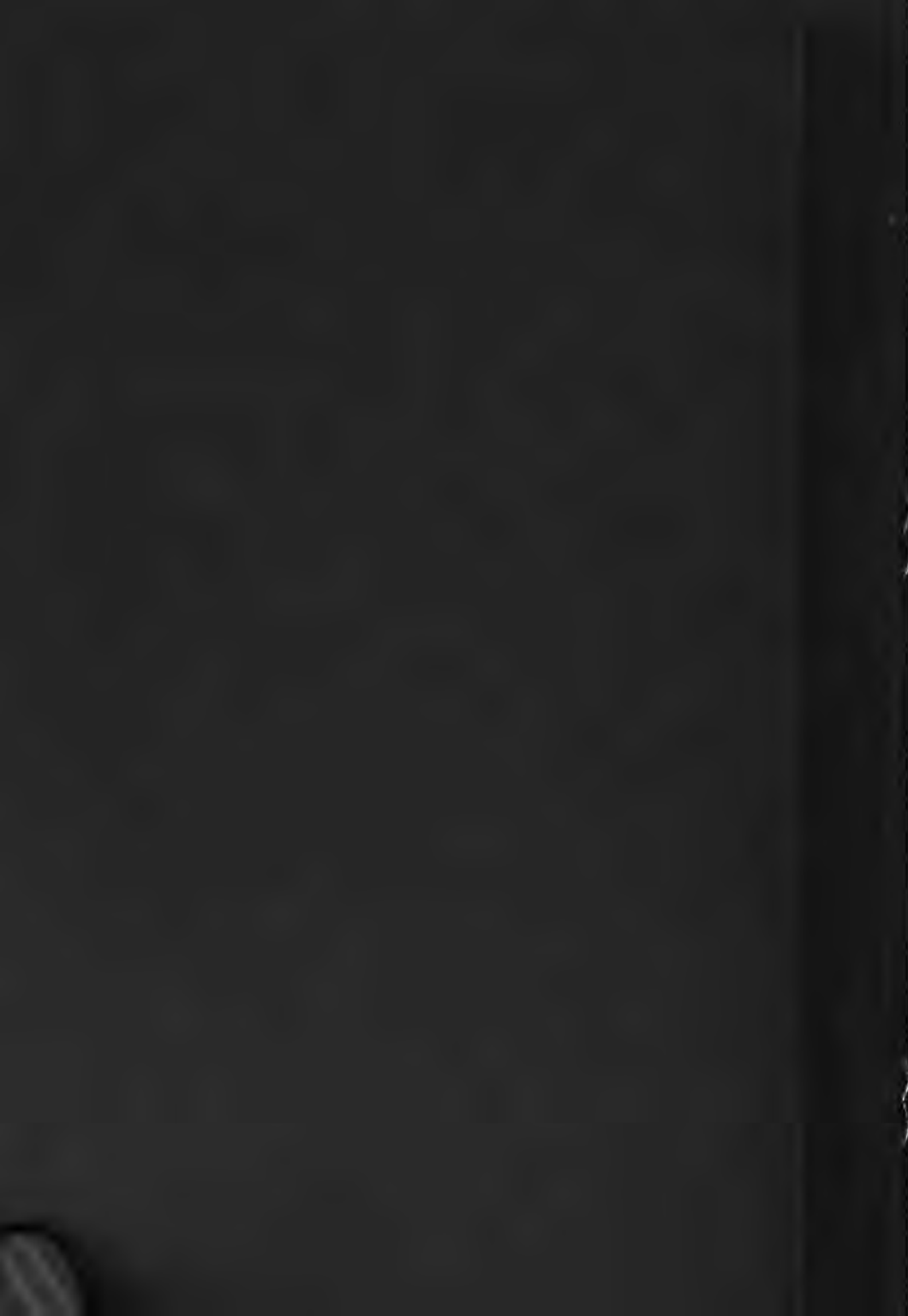
Thus I round the year with goodness and with mercy find
it crowned,
Every season sings His kindness all the shining year around,
Let praises fill His temple and thro all the world resound,
As Time goes rolling on.

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